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## POEM

We smiled, you and I,  
Exchanged thoughts  
across the room.  
I liked your look  
your way, but  
I sensed a tension  
like the finest steel wire  
drawn taunt, singing  
an excited pitch.  
A tension born  
of shyness, fear,  
of some hurt long past.  
I saw these things,  
and more-  
I saw myself.

By  
D.J. Small

## THE UNICORN

The unicorns arrival is,  
never really known.  
Like a misty cloud that sneaks up from behind.  
Its magic is,  
rarely ever shown to those it doesn't trust.  
When it is threatened,  
the unicorn will hide.  
Confronted with danger,  
its fear is left behind.  
Asurge of power flows, like a dam about to burst  
To protect  
the good cause it knows.  
The unicorn comes freely  
to those who are kind.  
Its usefullness greatened  
by those who understand.

By

Greg Davini

I anticipated a smile from across the room,  
wet my naked lips to receive it,  
but it was behind glass.

I saw the smile  
bounce back  
shine softly and disappear  
out of grasp.

On the night of the new moon, I rose  
and went into sharp midnight air.  
I revelled in the dark gray stillness,  
became sure of the stability  
of all that surrounded me,  
the trees, the fence, the earth;  
the horse, a great bulk shadowed behind me,  
was a snuffling, docile companion,  
a silent witness to the star  
creeping and descending a fateful course  
across the sky.

A galactic grin from a foreign knowledge  
mock my foolish confidence  
shine softly and disappear  
out of grasp.

By

B. Oslund

## A NIGHTFALL'S IMPRESSION

Tree shadows shiver  
on the lawn underfoot;  
in a black sky  
a white crescent moon  
approvingly smiles.

Fragrance of evergreen  
    accented by rain  
        touching my nostril  
            like a finger new-born  
and it lingers - while the air  
ricochets off the leaves  
in a clandestine whisper  
like some crackling distant fire.

My shadow shivers  
on the lawn underfoot;  
in a black sky  
a white crescent moon  
approvingly smiles.

And now as if everything  
    was of shadows of moons  
        of trees and of leaves  
            and of evergreen fragrance  
still I remain oblique -  
the silent deity  
indifferent yet benign  
to all that I've created.

By

David Wyman

## WASTELAND

Meet me on the wastelands--

later this day,

We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe,

For there's not much else to do in this drab  
and colorless place

We'll sit amongst the rubber tires

Among the discarded yesterdays

People have no use for

among the smouldering embers of tomorrow.

And when or if the sun shines,

Lighting our once beautiful features,

We'll smile but only for a few seconds

For to be caught smiling is to acknowledge life

A brave but useless show of compassion,

And that is forbidden in this drab

and colorless world.

Meet me on the wasteland

the one behind,

The old houses--the ones--

left standing pre-war,

The one overshadowed by the monstrosities--

councils call homes.

We'll sit and probably hold hands.

And watch the rain fall--

tumble and fall,

Just like our lives.

By

David Langdon



## ANTIGONE'S SONG

My name is Antigone,  
my nature unsure;  
I live in more misery,  
Than I can endure.

My mother to my father,  
both mother and wife;  
her son and her husband,  
how could I have life?

Polynieces and Eteocles,  
my brothers in blood;  
both slain by eachother,  
lie broken in mud.

The traitor and hero,  
are equally born;  
equally courageous,  
equally torn.

Yet one leaves with honors,  
the other no prayers;  
I come to your rescue,  
for no one else dares.

A breaker of man's laws,  
A legend I'll be;  
A lesson I'll die for,  
but live morally.

The battle around me;  
I wrestle exceeding;  
It's not where I've been,  
but where I am leading.

The King says I'm evil,  
my God waits below;  
For truth I am sent here,  
but where shall I go?

I'll be with my father  
we two are the same;  
What's true is our slayer,  
what seems is a game.

My mother and brothers,  
I'll once again see;  
I'm helpless to stop it,  
for it's meant to be.

Well, fasten the locks;  
on my fortress of stone,  
Let my soul go now;  
where my family has flown.

I too must stand true,  
to my highest convictions;  
Are not laws of God,  
of man or restrictions?

By

Laura Dufault



## POEM

Across the landscape it's snowing,  
shifting white shadows through darkened streets,  
and it seems the sun will never again  
put her loving arms around this place.

So my mouth is open, and the cold air  
whitens my breath,  
but with what words can I speak  
of pain that has been endured  
through the times for men,  
fought with so many words,  
sung in endless lyrics.

How can I write a love poem  
when my pen only traces the paths  
of feelings carved in stone,  
a sculpture never finished,  
poets and artists eternally chiseling  
but never finding  
an axis of perfection.

So the snow pelts my face  
as it strikes the faces of the other  
souls moving on this muffled street,  
and how can I cry  
when tears slide down a child's face  
forming a route for his fears to follow  
as he grows to be a man.

It keeps on snowing anyway,  
the snow frosts my eyelashes,  
softly obscures the buildings on this street  
I walk, and my footprints  
secretly disappear under the shelter  
of sharp, lifeless snowflakes.

By

B. Oslund

## IMPRESSIONS

Barefoot,  
You walk along  
the empty beach, leaving  
impressions  
in the moist sand,  
your right foot playing  
follow the leader  
with the left.  
I, too, travel  
that sandy trail,  
guided by your  
footprints in the sand.  
An impossible quest: pursuing  
five independent toes  
and a dawdling  
heel,  
but I never reach  
you, for  
although we journey down  
the same path,  
you are going in  
the wrong direction...

By

Patti Emma

POEM

Time's

All in pictures now,  
in a cookie jar  
to be eaten in sudden lust.

Or,

As in beauty shows  
where all contestants  
line up for inspection,  
Though in the act no beauty shows its face.

But done,

Time's

All in rivers gathered  
through wax and wane flowing  
and leaves but crumbs  
for nibbling.

By

Andrea Peters

## POEM

Awake,  
Into  
Some old woman's afternoon.

Sunlight,  
(tawny, after noon distilled)  
Pads cross the floor,  
Purrs against my ear,  
Echoes back  
Back to some child that was I.

Sulky, taking nap  
Listens to the passing buzz of planes,  
As will  
Some old woman that shall be I.

Dust motes swirl  
In the tail of the sun.

I yawn against the  
Mildew  
Taste of fear.

By

A. Peters

## POEM

I stretch my rubber face  
into a smile

while

my mind reels

my eyes dance

the marathon

it never ends

I dance alone

out by the ropes

where I perceive

another ugly judge

and

I stretch my rubber face

into a smile.

By

R. M. Dorval

POEM

In creeps spring  
thrusting out green fingers.  
green limbs.  
-a hypnotist-  
we see only green  
veils and imagine  
growth and life and...

But don't imagine  
on what spring feeds;  
the skeletons, the rotting limbs  
of last year.

There are pterodactyls there,  
and men,  
and tomorrow...

By  
A. Peters





